

Cool Out

Styles P

Yeah, what up three times
Time is Money nigga
Truly believe that...

Play your fee
No sleep, little nigga don't lie down
It's real when the beef don't die down
Me I gotta eat I keep the heat
Run, picture me high clown
I don't give a fuck, ride later or ride now
Keep it on the waste
Let a nigga jump
I'll have him leaking from the face
And put a beating on the case
Niggas in the hood might hate me
But they don't try shit
'Cause them Thirty-Eights ain't got no safetys
S Dot, P Dot, D Block
Dolo at the juice bar or weed spot
Came with the heat cocked
Seat low, black Crown Vic, let the beat knock
Deep thoughts, ride through New York
Who's got the streets locked?
You can tell your man I'll smoke ya
Raps Alejandro Sosa
Hang you from the helicopter
Hopping in the Yukon with the tanned out sofas
I only eat seafood
And when I look at these rappers I see seafood
I heard y'all don't give a fuck niggas, me too
We can mete up the bill
Matter fact we can meet up to kill
Niggas from cross town we can meet at the hill
Second album is coming, I'm expecting the hate
I'm the same S.P. so the weapons is placed
And I don't press charges
I'm the type of nigga that'll hop up out the garbage
Dressed in camoflauge like I came out the forest
Four in the Taurus
'Cause everybody singing like the court need a chorus
I'm tired of the games
Blowing niggas brains out the frames
Put short, get a florist